

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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A. T. Fisher  
High and Ashland East Side



## WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH PH. D.

### "THE COLOR LINE—A BRIEF FOR THE UNBORN."

Dr. W. B. Smith, the greatest scholar ever born in Kentucky, and the highest type of a moralist, in all of his personal habits that I ever knew, is now, and for many years has been professor of Mathematics at Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana.

He is something over sixty years old. He boarded in my family, in Lexington, and afterward lived with us, as our guest on the farm at "Quakerboro," but through his own preference, worked with me on the farm, probably enough to pay for his board.

He was a first honor graduate of the University of Kentucky, at Lexington, and then went to Germany and took his Ph. D. at Göttingen.

His acquirements were the most thorough and most varied of any man I ever knew, among them being the finest knowledge of religion and the Bible that I ever knew. He was a thorough infidel but, in those days, about 1872, he had some religious ideas that I hardly knew he was upon that point. I was not then an atheist.

There were some \$50 students at Kentucky University.

James Lane Allen, now a world-famous writer of books, was the intimate friend of Smith and myself.

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Those who have read my book "Behind the Bars, 31498," have seen that I would have been in the Confederate army, but for the fact that the South was fighting to sustain slavery, my aversion to which, though I was born a slave owner, was so strong that I started me from Christianity into infidelity.

"The virus of the Bible, the worst book ever written, that encourages war, slavery, drunkenness, sexual libertinism, royalty and pondering to the rich has gotten into the one great heart and brain of William Benjamin Smith, Ph. D.,—not Dan Phool—and the once brilliant infidel is deserting his learning and genius, now that he is a Christian, to further humiliate the Negro, whose fate is enough eternally to damn the Christian religion if there had been no other crime for which that religion is responsible."

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Since then Smith has been backed down from his infidelity, apparently to hold his position in a University dominated by Catholic influence, that I suppose he is now more Christian than infidel. He has sent me three books that he has written, which, though exceedingly learned, were so devoid of interest that I could only give them a cursory reading with the accent on the "cursory."

I don't know that he has ever seen any of my books and the only remark I have ever heard of his making about the Blade was that it was corrupting the English language with its "isms."

He seems to have taken no interest in my career.

He now has in press, a book the title of which is: "The Color Line—A Brief for the Unborn." The Cour-Journal of February 25 has an outline of the book.

It seems to have been written as a warning against the miscegenation of the white and black races.

He says that there are many mutations born from white men and black women, but only a few born of white women and black men.

There is but little tending to miscegenation and nearly all of that is of white men and black women.

The theme of the book is quite unimportant as compared with the immense burning questions—the burning of Negroes at the stake, for instance—that are now before scholars and moralists.

The book seems to be written against the Negro, and Smith seems to have taken up "the white man's burden," almost regardless of the happiness of the black man.

The Negro is the victim of the teachings of the Bible that dooms him to be "a slave of slaves until his brethren" (Genesis 12: 25).

Our American civil war was the plain result of the fact that Christianity, and the New Testament plainly and unmistakably, teach that slavery is right, while infidelity, headed by the infidel Lincoln, and assisted by the infidel Lincoln, said slavery was wrong.

Smith's father and family were intense "Rebels," their whole sympathy being with the South, but Dr. Smith was an intense Republican, his whole sympathy being with the

North, and yet, now, since the poor, unfortunate Negro has been emancipated, Smith seems to begrudge him the poor, miserable pittance of the right to exist that he has, and while the fate of the Negro is a theme that ought to arouse the sympathy of every good man and woman in the world, here is Smith who, while he was an infidel, sympathized with the Negro when he (Smith) gets to be a Christian.

A crime the details of which are too dreadful for me to give in this paper, one against old and woman, and one against a younger, and both white, has just been committed in Lexington, by a Negro named James Piersoll, and he has been condemned to be hanged, and like all other murderers will be rejoicing in the assurance given him by preachers or priests—generally the latter—that in a few minutes he will be in heaven, and the whole scene will be virtually offering a premium to other men to commit other crimes.

No brute of the jungles of India or Africa is so brutal as Piersoll, and yet drunk with Christian whiskey as he claims he was, and seems to have been, and with features but little more refined than those of the gorilla, his ancestor of a few generations ago, Piersoll is the moral superior, all things considered, of the white woman, Kate Edwards, in the North, who, assisted by a Negro, murdered her husband that she might enjoy the embraces of the Negro, and then when she, a Christian, was to be hung, selected the texts for the sermon at her funeral, and the hymns that were to be sung at the gallows, among the number, being, "Nearer My God to Thee."

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## KENYON V. MILLER

Lawyer of Indianapolis, Ind., Claims To Have Found in Egypt, the Place Where Noah Built the Ark.

Different parties have sent me copies of the Commercial Tribune of Cincinnati, of Sunday, January 19, containing scenes around the pyramids and Memphis, in Egypt, and an account of how an Indianapolis lawyer named Kenyon V. Miller, claims he was converted from infidelity to Christianity, by finding, in Egypt, the place where Noah built the ark, and finding that Noah built the pyramids of Gizeh.

The picture of Miller would suggest that the man is weak minded.

His article is so silly that it seems strange that any great metropolitan paper would print such stuff. A part of the long account of Miller is as follows:

"I was thoroughly indoctrinated in all the teachings of the openly avowed infidels, as well as the teachings of the higher critics. These higher critics had caused my relatives and friends to lose all faith in Christianity. Some seventeen years since I wished to assure myself as to whether or not the Bible was a book given to men by the Almighty God or was the most dreadful fraud ever perpetrated upon credulous humanity. Since then I have given profound thought to solving the puzzling problems of the Bible.

"I have been compelled to study in the lands where the Bible was written. I have spent months at Memphis, Egypt, where Moses was born, and have walked up and down the paths where Miriam watched the baby Moses in his ark among the rushes by the brink of the Nile River. I have studied the hieroglyphics on the ruined palaces which Noah built 4,800 years ago."

"I am thoroughly convinced that the Holy Bible is correct and absolutely reliable as to its historicity, and that scientifically, it is the only book that knows and speaks the exact truth about the stars and our planet, and the people who are now imprisoned upon it."

Nobody of any importance now claims to know where Moses was born, and the Bible does not indicate it.

I was shown the place on the Nile where he was said to have been found in his little soap box, and I brought from the place two pretty pebbles and gave them to the Hon. Moses Kauffman, of Lexington.

I saw on the Nile, hundreds of miles of burlesques, but at the place where the soap box, containing Moses was said to have been found, there is now, and for centuries has been, a city, and there are no burlesques there, or in miles of there, and could not have been there for some hundreds of years.

The Nile overflows the whole country, there, every year, and effaces any and all marks on the ground, by covering them with soil, and the idea of walking up and down the paths where Miriam watched the baby Moses, is just too utterly too stupid for any man of good sense to claim to have done.

BILLY SUNDAY.

I have received the Dixon (Illa), Daily Star—(Stars are in the night, however), giving a full-length picture of Billy Sunday, with the legend: "The Evangelist in one of his characteristic poses." He is shaking both fists up at heaven and extending his left leg so as to show the vice fresh crease in his breeches 'g. Billy is represented just in the act of "swearing eternal, unswearable and irrevocable promises of the devil." Those are fine large words and called greatly to impress the class of people who go to church.

But why Billy is looking up to heaven, while he is cursing out the devil, I can't get onto.

Seems to me he ought to be looking down the other way.

Life is too short, especially at my age, to read all the paper said about

Billy, but I took in the fact that when they are raising money to pay Billy for his gas bill, he objected to the little bags that they commonly use in churches to scoop in the shavings of the sanctuary, for people put paper ships and buttons and just any old thing into those bags, because they cannot see, and Billy made them get tin pie plates so that every body could see what a fellow was shipping in, and see that he was no shipping poker chips.

As long as a sucker is born every minute fellows like Billy will have their innings.

### HEAVENLY FIRE.

Said to Have Restored Youth To Des Moines Lady.

Had Been Taking all Kinds of Patent Medicines.

Prayed Day and Night for Relief and Finally Received It From Above.

Bathed in an unconsumable flame of fire which she claims swept down from heaven and enveloped her body Mrs. H. J. Reeves of Des Moines has been restored to youth and healthfulness from a woman of 62 years, who has been crippled in body and limb for years.

The marvelous transformation came through the aid of a person claiming to have divine healing power, but in the midst of a religious meeting at a mission house in the poorer district of a member of the Iowa supreme bench, was speaking, having gone to the mission at the request of church workers to aid in the services. Mrs. Ladd is Methodist by profession, and belongs to no society which teaches divine healing but in an interview she admits the story, and believes it was a remarkable demonstration of God's power to these poor people.

Great excitement has been caused in South Des Moines by the incident and many there are, who claim the miracle was sent as a rebuke to the aristocratic religious people of the city. That it was to prove God visits the poor and desolate people who worship in a humble but acceptable way in a little room without pipe organ, without rich furnishings and tall steeples.

The mission congregation is composed principally of Christians, Methodists, Presbyterians and Free Methodists.

The above is the principle part of the account from the Keokuk (Iowa) Constitution-Democrat.

The "Christians" mentioned are the Campbellites. There has been a "split" among them on the organ question. The factors are called the Progressives and the Non-Progressives.

My man Wilkinson is a Non-Progressive. He is very humorous. He calls the Progressives, "Digressive." Among the Non-Progressives you can play on anything in church from a melodeon down to a "juice-harp," but on nothing from the melodeon up—they draw the line at the pipe organ.

This interesting miracle that was pulled off on St. H. J. Reeves, is a ten strike for the Non-Progressives.

I should think that, after this, any body would be afraid to go into any church that has a pipe organ in it. I make it a rule never to go into any church for fear it might have a pipe organ in it.

Des Moines is the city where Governor Cummings lives, who sent Dr. Hammer to the penitentiary for being an infidel.

HOLY SMOKE

I have received a newspaper clipping about the burning of "The First Baptist church destroyed by fire last Sunday morning."

Clippings do not say where. Picture of the church shows that it was a jodater.

A part of the account says: "To these figures should be added the cost of the furnishings which include \$1,500.00 pipe organ, a fine piano, Sunday school organ, bellows, carpets, hymn books, bibles and numerous other articles."

Kitchen and grub are a big part of a church those days.

What a lot of money! C. said about the leaves and fishes?

At Jefferson, Ga., Rev. J. D. Woodard, Baptist was convicted of bigamy and sent to the penitentiary for four years, the limit of the law.

Charles L. Moore  
Editor



### TERMS OF THE BLADE.

1 issue for one year \$1.00.  
In clubs of five new subscribers, 50 cents each, \$2.50 for five.

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JESUS WOULD BE REJECTED.

Dr. Levy Declares Christ's Reception Would Be Cold if He Came to Pittsburgh.

SOME HOTELS WOULD BAR HIM.

"Jesus was born. He lived and died a Jew of Jew, and it is my conviction that were He to come to day to Pittsburgh He would be rejected as a Jew, possibly denied entrance to some hotels, certainly refused the privilege of purchasing a home in certain districts and would be denied social equality with the same people who pray to Him as a God and adore Him as the divine example."

The above was the startling statement made by the Rev. Dr. J. Leonard Levy in the ninth lecture of the present course of Sunday services before the reform congregation Rudolph Shalom, Eighth street, below Penn avenue, yesterday morning, the subject being, "Primitive Christianity and Reform Judaism."

Primitive Christianity can be construed as being nothing else than the religion of the Prophets of Israel tinged, of course, by the peculiar political and social conditions prevailing in Palestine in the days of the Nazarene. The religion of Jesus is Jewish. He, himself, was not a Christian, but the Jewish son of a Jewish mother, and father, reared in Jewish circles and spiritually nourished by the Jewish religion. No one in this world would be more surprised to hear of the creeds associated with his name than would Jesus himself. As a God-believing Jew he held strictly to the Jewish law and proclaimed his belief that rather "heaven and earth would pass away, yet not one jot or tittle of the law would pass." It was never his intention to supplant Judaism by any other religion.

The Blue Grass Blade is one dollar a year, in advance, but in clubs of five will be sent to five different addresses for one year for fifty cents each.

## WHAT HEAVEN LOOKS LIKE

I have often wondered—when I was younger—what heaven looks like but I suppose I shall never know, so I'll get there.

Paul was once—oh, yes, so he says—caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for man to utter. It always seemed to me that being a newspaper reporter, and good on the see and hear and interview, that if I just had three minutes in heaven I could make a better account out of it than Paul did. I suppose that the regular language spoken in heaven is Hebrew, and, though I have dabbled in that language some, I could understand it if they were all talking at once, but I have met such men as Talmage and Beecher and Alexander Campbell that spoke the American language and Spurgeon that spoke the English language and I know those two languages well, and I will bet I could find one or more of those four fellows and get from them what was the main things that was being talked on the streets in heaven, the day I was there, and if I had just had three minutes in heaven I should I would have seen enough there, in three minutes to write half a Blade full.

A priest named Doane who is rector of St. Patrick's Roman Cathedral, at Newark, N. J., was lately caught up into heaven and gave some account of what he saw.

I guess this is real straight goods, for various prominent clergy, Catholic and Protestant, in that country were interviewed about it, and they all said they had no doubt as to the accuracy of Doane's account and

### TOO LONG.

Bishop Vincent Says People are Tired Out by Lengthy Devotions At Church.

Baltimore, Md. Feb. 17.—At a religious gathering known as the "Seven Day Study of Church Life" at Strawberry Mt. E. church, Bishop John H. Vincent made the unexpected declaration that in many instances prayers were entirely too long, and that people attending services were tired out by that form of devotion when carried to extremes.

In words to the question of prayer the Bishop said: "I think that some ministers believe the secret of prayer to be a long discourse, which tires the people. One sentence may accomplish all the good necessary, and words become burdensome when strong out."

Prayer can be much abbreviated. I have tried it, and I know. I used to wear a very long coat and long face and made long prayers. I cut off some of my coat tail, took up my face a button hole or two, and made my prayers shorter. I kept on shortening all three and found that my health kept just as good, and now I wear a "roundabout" and not pray at all.

Send us five subscribers and help spread Preethought.

## "SALVATION ARMY LASSIE"

Turns Infidel, and Says "Being a Christian Makes Me Tired."

She Says to Me, "Shiny on Your Own Side."

She Jumps on Poor Andy Carnegie, With Both Her Little Feet—Tosses! But She is Mashed on Sister Katie Edwards and Says Katie Ought to Kill Her Old Drunken "Hubby."

Cleveland O., Feb. 19, 05.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

Sir—For some months past I have been a reader of the B. G. Blade, and as far as its just criticism of the Christian religion is concerned, it is all right; and I agree with it in the main, very well, I being an infidel.

But when I read some of the articles printed in the Blade, I just cannot hold my peace any longer, because I believe it is the betterment of the human family that should be the objects of all infidels.

Now I know that since I became an infidel I am a better woman than when I was a Christian, and I am much more charitable and more sympathetic than when my mind was so narrow, as no Christians are anything but narrow minded and bigoted. I was a Salvation Army Lassie, and a very enthusiastic Christian, and, now I am just as enthusiastic an infidel, and the thought of ever again being a Christian makes me tired.

But I think you have said, several times, in the Blade, that you wished to do good and I have the impression that you want to be just and fair, to all humanity, either Christians or unbelievers, but I think that in some instances you are very unfair, and so I am just going to give you a little tongue lashing, and, as you are a married man you know what that means.

You keep on "harping" about the wonderful good the infidel, Andrew Carnegie, is doing to the world.

Well, surely it is a good thing to give books for those who are too poor to buy them, but how has that same Andrew Carnegie amassed his fortune?

I lived for many years, in a district of his laborers, and his was, to say the very least, not an honored name among the laborers. He was a hard task master; always cutting men's wages until those who worked for him existed—not lived—and he, reaping the benefit of their labor, is now able to give books away.

Go to the field where he made his money; very few there respect him, a greedy, ungodly slave driver, who is a disgrace to infidelity.

Perhaps if he had given his men better wages they could have bought books and he would have less money to make his name noted.

I wish he was a devout Christian, for he is just mean enough to be that, and he is too bad to be classed among infidels.

Well, I guess this is enough for old Carnegie, and more than he is worth, but if you wish to uplift infidelity, don't use Andrew Carnegie as an example.

Then about Katie Edwards you are also unjust. She is a Christian, and a murderer, surely, but why? Poor woman, a drunkard's daughter and a drunkard's wife, beaten and kicked by the drunken old wretch, she killed to prevent him killing her. He deserved to die, and she was justified in the act. She now carries marks on her body, according to the newspapers, of his brutality.

She should have killed him years ago, that is assuming that she is of sound mind, of which there is reason to doubt, she being an epileptic.

Then, as to her Christianity, she is poor and ignorant and knows no better. So don't condemn a poor ignorant creature, who is doing the best she knows, and in the name of justice, don't blame her for his crime, and hold her up as an example of what Christians will do. We know they are dishonorable and if Katie Edwards were the only proof, then I would say that Christianity is not so bad a thing after all.

I believe every woman should kill a man who beats and kicks her, and forces her to cohabit with other men either white or colored, and she did right. I believe you are an honest man and I respect you, but be just in your criticisms, and in your praise.

The trick of flaming unjustly, and of giving unmerited praise, belongs to the Christians, and not to infidels, so please "shiny on your own side." Well, I hope you have lived through this terrible lashing, and now I want to tell you that I respect your gray hairs and old age, and I believe you wish to do good and also believe you are doing good and I like the B. G. B. and wish it success and long life, and I am surely a better woman from reading it. My father was an infidel of years ago, and he died about two months ago, and if any Christian ever did more peacefully, I never saw nor heard of it.

and his death bed talks were simply grand, honest, upright, fair, just, but an infidel—so screams and regrets for his unbelief, I assure you, and I only wish the lying Christians, who tell of the terrible death bed scenes of infidels could have seen him pass away. Well, Mr. Moore, be fair to your super and I have no wish to wound you, so if I have hurt your feelings, forgive me. Yours for freedom from superstition and every time for truth, reason and justice to all.—R. W.

I believe you are a good and sensible woman, and that you have had finer opportunities to know what we are talking about than I have had, and I am not going to dispute a word you say. I wish, though, that you had given your name.

TOM LYONS

Baptist Woman Turns Infidel

Winterset, Iowa, Feb. 12, 05.

Charles C. Moore.

Editor Blue Grass Blade—I have read copies of your paper when I thought things you said were blasphemous.

This morning I cannot help but feel you preach the true gospel.

Not long since I was taking treatment of one of our doctors for rheumatism.

He said some things which to me, sounded irreligious.

I asked him if he prayed for me to get well.

He said "No it's no use to pray, I will work and try to do my part, but there is no God that would pay any attention if I did pray."

I left the office debating in my own mind about going back.

Although that I feeling that I was doing wrong, I continued treatment and I got well.

For the past three weeks, at our Baptist church here, there has been held a revival, which is spoken of as the most successful meeting held here for some time. Last night, about half past one, the church was discovered to be burning.

The fire was under such headway that it could not be checked, and, this morning, only the damaged walls remain.

I cannot understand this. I did not go to church, today, and am writing to you instead.

I cannot understand how the ministers at other churches will pray to God to bless and help those who have been so unfortunate as to lose their "house of worship."

I cannot help feeling that if there is a God, who pays any attention to our affairs he would have moved some one to discover the fire in time to save the building.

West of the church, just across the street, is a lumber yard which we have been wasting money because it is too near the church and the center of business. The church was one of the best in the city, and had recently been repainted and generally repaired.

About 25 feet east of the church is an old frame building which, for some time, has been an eye-sore. The bystanders said it would have to go because one of the chimneys of the building would fall upon it, but the chimney fell inside of the church and the old frame building is unharmed, it being protected by a deep layer of snow on the roof.

The lumber men can continue to do business at the old stand because they got in before the present city ordinance was passed.

If the lumber men had burned out last night and the church had been saved, every minister in town would have said the Lord ordered it, and that to show his special favor, he chose the most favorable time when the good meetings were going on in the church, and while the church was protected by a mantle of snow.

But the church is in ruins while the objectionable places about it are uninjured.

I can only conclude that the doctor who cured my rheumatism was right when he said that we are under certain existing laws, and that, when conditions are right, under the operations of those laws, a church will turn as quick as a saloon, hence there can be no such thing as a Providential interference.

Yours truly,

MRS. —

I wish you had signed your name. This is not a mistake of any kind in your letter.

Now let me tell you one that beats yours.

I am nearly 70 years and feel like I can recollect Lexington for about 100 years. I never heard of but three houses in the town that were struck by lightning.

The first one was the Limestone street Catholic church—burnt all the steeple off and came near burning up a big Catholic convent.

The next was a house that belonged to W. B. Emmal, one of the Camp-

bellite sliders that turned me out of that church after I had turned myself out.

The next one was the Walnut street Campbellite church, the finest church in Lexington. The church is all of heavy stone. The next house to that church was Tom Lyons' dwelling saloon, a neat little frame house, and all those rich Campbellites just rained hell in trying to raise Tom out of that saloon, but they could not do it worth a cent because Tom was there before the lightning was there, thus a single splinter on Tom's saloon.

The lightning never touched a single splinter on Tom's saloon. Tom was the only saloon keeper in Lexington that ever took the Blue Grass Blade. He was an Irish Catholic. He never would pay any body but me, personally, and always paid me a silver dollar, calling me in as I passed by, and he always gave me as much as I could drink.

Tom died three weeks ago, aged 75 years, and his estate was appraised at \$300,000.

THE "NAGER" AND THE "DOUGH."

Vallejo, Calif.—I was highly amused in your last issue about that stepfather, Hannigan, giving that negro murderer a holy dough ticket to beautiful heaven.

They want black murderers also. That nigger didn't give his victim time to look for a stepfather Hannigan to give her a heavenly dough ticket, but sent her so that she couldn't go even by the brake-beam route. The easiest way to get to the Catholic heaven is to kill some fellow creature. The murderer gets all the services of the priests that he wants, and a free ride with a whole complement of angels to go with him.

I am jerked to Jesus from the gospels. J. C. can't make any mistake, the fellow has the mark of the rope around his neck. "Do we wash" when the nig was a slave, the Dago church didn't want him, at any price, as at that time, he had no soul.

Lincoln emancipated Mr. Nig and gave him a soul according to the Dago and Irish rules. The other religious denominations had preachers among the slaves, but for the Dago preachers they were mere animals.

At that time poor Nig made no money for himself, could not pay for the holy dough, and he had to step aside.

Now he has got a soul through Lincoln's proclamation, he gets a free-ride, holy dough ticket, while Lincoln, who gave him the soul, has to be content with being in hell.

Fagnersoll, Garfield, Grant, Rousseau, Zola and Voltaire, and all the good heretics, who would not apply for a holy dough ticket.—ALBERT LAWRENCE.

"Do we wash" the negroes had their own churches, and there was a place for them in all the Protestant churches.

Every Irishman seemed to hate every Negro, and always called them "Niggers." After the war it was reported in our neighborhood, that a Negro man named Eli, that had belonged to our neighbor, Major John H. Wallace, had joined the Catholic church.

"Do we wash" the negroes had their own churches, and there was a place for them in all the Protestant churches.

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"Do we wash" the negroes had their own churches, and there was a place for them in all the Protestant churches.

"MARK TWAIN

Never Write a Book as Entertaining As Your "Dog Fennel in the Orient."

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 17, 05.

Mr. Moore.

I enclose a part of Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune, containing an article by Mr. Silas P. Rockwell, part of it referring to his belief in religion, I think beautiful and hope you will print it.

I am now, and for a long time have been, a reader of the Blade, and especially your writings.

Mark Twain never wrote a book as entertaining as your "Dog Fennel in the Orient."—S. C. REILEY.

The part of the article about religion is follows:

"I am not a churchman. I am a latitudinarian—and amosic. I know not whence I came nor whither I go. I only know that I shall soon lie down with my fathers and sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

I do think that a man's belief has anything to do with his future life, as a greater part of the world has never heard of the Christian religion and another good part of the world is so constituted that it can not believe contrary to its honest convictions. So that I think that if there is an infinite being, wise, merciful and loving, he will not bring into existence an intelligent being to hold him accountable for his conduct in this state of existence when he knew the end from the beginning, which is synonymous to foreordination. It

would be inhuman in a finite being and ungodlike in an infinite being."

OLD KENTUCKY.

Prescribes The B. G. B. For Morality And Happiness.

Lawrenceburg, Ky., Feb. 22, 05.

Bro. Moore and Hughes.

Sirs—Pind enclosed order for \$3.00 and send the worth of it in Blades, the best paper of its size and weight. I see your subscribers write short letters to you and most of them are super.

I don't know whether I can concentrate my thoughts enough to tell you of my sins and omissions and your few faults. The first thing I do after unwrapping the Blade is to look over in the Southeast corner—your page of the "Nager"—at that expression of self-will and indomitable courage, and say to myself, "What a blessing for old Lexington, that you are a Prohibitionist," for many times she would have been painted red if you had been the user of that stuff that Sam Jones said would make a rabbit spit in a bull dog's face.

Please excuse me, for causing Sam's name.

Our beliefs are nearly on the same lines. Our first digression is on a supreme ruler. Our next is on the church, and preacher.

While I believe that the church and the preacher are fakes, so far as the next world is concerned, hold that they do more good than harm, for by having the church and the preacher to pot forth their many laughable absurdities, some go to be entertained, and some for society, some to show their rubber tires, spring bonnets, etc., and thus you see the preachers furnish their innocent amusement and "we have to go somewhere."

That far, anyway, we are out of the drum shop, and up from the card table. Don't think I am holding out for the D. D.'s; that particular is all I endorse in them. You call them liars. I think they are merely hypocrites. Then profession is like all others—always heading for the dollars.

Let one of them be offered a few dollars more, at some place, and he will go if every soul in the community is a doctor.

If I were a doctor, I would prescribe Tuttt's pills for torpid liver, but for morality, and happiness and interest citizenship. I would prescribe the Blue Grass Blade, not in broken English, but in full dose once a week.

That is the best of that good woman of yours. I say Amen. Well, some one will say how do you know; how often have I heard you talk of those pretty girls, you baptized? And then can't I look on top of that nose of yours and see all of that world?

If you had my woman, you would be as bald as a peeled onion.—ALLEN B. WASH.

FISHING FOR FISHER

—Birmingham, D. C., Feb. 26, 05.

Dear Sir—Enclosed find \$1.00 subscription for coming year. I enjoy everything our editor writes and though I may differ with him, in some respects, he is, in the main, O. K.

He has a good deal of sense, but I have to laugh at something he gets off, and you can put me down a life subscriber sure.

Mr. Fisher's piece in this week's paper, saying he was "on the fence," as the God creation, having been placed there by the "design" argument, interested me also, because it so correctly described my own thoughts on that matter, 25 years ago. Long after the fact that what is called revealed religion is mere superstition and imposture was plain to me, I clung to the God idea, and straddled the fence just like he does.

I sold off, on the Agnostic side, at that time, by reading Ingersoll's reply to Judge Black, in the North American Review.

Black had used the "design" argument substantially the same as Fisher, and Ingersoll showed, conclusively, to my mind, that it was fallacious, because it proved too much, and, if carried to its logical conclusion, would prove an infinity of creators.

It was something like this: The creator of anything must certainly be as marvelously made as the thing created. Man has created something watches, etc., wonderful in their way, but more wonderful than his creation, man, must have had a creator also, and so on ad infinitum.

This satisfied my mind as being a perfect answer.

If there is a flaw in it, it has escaped my attention in 25 years reading, and I won't think Mr. Fisher, or any one else, to point it out. Judge

Black did not attempt it, but kicked out of the traces of debate, and launched a tirade of personal abuse on the Colonel and his publisher.

The God superstition will have to share the same fate as others. It is a part of the general superstition of them all, and the one about which all the others turn, though usually the hardest and last to be abandoned.—WILLIAM H. WHITE

INFIDEL EDITOR.

Of "Secular Thought" Says "Give the Devil His Due" and I am Going To Do It.

Toronto, Canada, Feb. 20, 05.

Editor Blue Grass Blade.

Sir—A week or two ago you were good enough to quote a passage from the "Secular Thought," referring to it as a heading "Wish I could understand it." If there should be "honorable among thieves" still more should there be honor among editors, and you know, Mr. Moore, as well as I do, it is a violation of every rule of editorial honor knowingly to credit opinions to the wrong persons.

You must also know that the editor of a journal does not make himself responsible for all the opinions of his correspondents, even if he does not specially announce the fact.

It is a common and reasonable understanding, and, indeed, the Correspondence column is the commonly accepted medium of admitting adoptions of opinions.

Now the passage you expressed a wish to understand occurred in a letter by the well-known Hermann Wettstein, as was very clearly indicated, and any one who is acquainted with that gentleman's writings might have excused me, had I expressed the same wish myself. You will understand that this, by no means, implies that I consider that all of Mr. Wettstein's writings should be put in the same category, but it means this,—that like yourself, I have enough follies of my own, to answer for, without having those of all my correspondents fathered upon me.

"Sum cuique" is a good maxim to keep in mind, and I will thank you to give this correction note a place in an early issue of the B. G. B., to which I cordially wish long life, and increasing usefulness.

I always scan his pages with interest and much amusement, though sometimes it seems as if the linotype had run away with the compositor and left the editor and the "devil" to do the work with the key-stroke.

SPENCER ELLIS, Editor Secular Thought.

It wasn't the sentiment of the piece that I was kicking about, Lord, no—couldn't have been, for I had no idea, on Mr. Carr's side, what the sentiment was because the words were all so big, I couldn't understand it, and I just said "I wish I could understand it" so I could tell whether I liked the sentiment or not, and "therefore," (as Billy Breckinridge used to say), I didn't know whether it made any difference whether the editor or a correspondent wrote it.

Hermann Wettstein used to write for the Blade before we got the linotype, and I didn't know a darn thing about printing except some type setting that I learned in the penitentiary, and had to disobey the rules of the shakedown to do it, and was always afraid they would duck me for doing it, and some times with the old style type we had, a printed galley of my type would come out, it had some up again a streak of lightning down in the electrocution department where they jerked me to Jesus, on a blue streak of lightning—awful place, to go in there to see some poor devil, that they were fattening up to make jerked beef out of him.

When Wettstein—German for Whetstone—first wrote something for the Blade, I naturally thought that a whetstone was just what a blade needed, but when we came to run his long words through the linotype they choked the thing down like six-foot wire he choked down a thrashing machine and gave Jim Hughes the jimjams, and Sir, I hope I may go to heaven when I die, if that brand-new linotype that cost \$25,000, has even half this day got through running some of old Whetstone's long words through it, and it's that that makes you mention the by-fry.

It was just like running an armful of pitchforks through a thrashing machine.

AN EDITOR SAYS

"I Think The Blue Grass Blade Improves With Every Issue."

Dickens, Iowa, Feb. 18, 05.

Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir and Brother—You and I are Bible scholars, and, while you are far in advance of me, let me be presumptuous, and quote a little scripture to you: "Do not weary in well doing"

I think you are doing an immense amount of good in the world, in dispelling the fear of God and hell from the human mind, and while you may never get returns, in cash, for a small part of the good you do, there is a genuine pleasure in knowing that we have cleared the mind of superstition and fear, and laid a permanent basis of happiness to the human race.

Every child from whose mind you eradicate the religious dogmas of God, heaven and hell, may live to become the parent of children whose mind will not be incited with superstition and fear and these children may, in time, become the parents of other children and so on, ad infinitum. I have run the Leader five years, and put but about \$2.50 per week into it beside a vast amount of work, and really got nothing but a little "cousin" from some of our old sanctified Methodist brethren, who think I am unworthy to unlouse the latchet of their shoes.

But I have the consciousness of knowing that I have dispelled, from the minds of some of their children, the fear of hell, and that is a satisfaction that I would have given worlds, if I had had them to give, once to have felt as I now feel; entirely free from the thought that if I died tonight, I might possibly wake up in hell tomorrow morning.

I think the Blue Grass Blade improves with every issue.

My experience as a journalist has impressed upon my mind that short, sharp articles are far better than long-winded, though logical reasoning, in a paper, and that ridicule of the Bible and religion does more good than religious superstition, out of the world than the most forcible logical argument, and, while writing for the Leader, I have often thought if I had the wit of my friend Moore, I would certainly make it, interesting for Christians.

I have no more to presume, to suggest, with your ability, I would take short clippings, like those enclosed, and make short, sharp, criticisms of them.

Inclosed find \$1.00 for the Blade, and please send it to me as long as you and I live, and, if I get careless and do not read as often as I think I ought to, just draw at night, on me, for your dues.—JAMES E. MILLS.

ASBESTOS EDITOR

OF THE B. G. B.

Hayden, Colorado, Feb. 8, 05.

C. C. Moore.

Kind friend—T. P. Wells's letter on temperance, was good—M. R. Coffman's remedy for the whisky evil is just about correct.

A "Stuffed Club" was just the stuff give some one enough that line. Health is happiness. Ill health is unhappiness. Live in harmony with nature's law and the result is health. Live in discord with them, and the result is broken health.

Hints on how to live in harmony with nature's laws from Dr. J. B. Wilson would be in order.

A man with whom I am acquainted and who reads the Blade, and who is an infidel, thinks that when C. C. Moore crosses the great divide he will take the Blade with him.

I trust that he is wrong. I hope that Mr. Moore will live to be 100 years old and that he will be the Blade's editor for 30 years to come. But if he does take a notion to quit, as I trust he will find some one who can, and will, take his place on the Blade.—J. B. GAMBLE.

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U. G. WILKINSON,  
The Campbellite Preacher With  
Whom I Debate "Reply to an  
Infidel."

In "The Firm Foundation," a Camp-  
bellite Paper.

I have received "The Firm Founda-  
tion," of Austin, Texas, Feb. 14, 1905.  
It is Vol. 21, No. 7. Its editor is  
G. W. Savage, a name not entirely  
inapposite as you will notice after  
reading the paper a little.

Mechanically the paper is good  
enough.

It seems to have nothing in it but  
squabbling and wrangling and disput-  
ing and bull-dozing other Christian  
sects, excepting in one instance  
where that same kind of tactics is  
used toward an infidel named D. L.  
Pardue, by the preacher U. G. Wilkin-  
son, the man with whom I debated at  
Rural Indian Territory. I scanned  
over the paper and did not find in it  
a single instance in which any vir-  
tue is inculcated or any vice reproved.  
I thought once I had found some mor-  
al advice and started to read it. It  
was against over eating—a great  
and common fault. The piece turned  
out to be some kind of a patent medi-  
cine advertisement.

I have been writing for newspapers  
ever since 1857, and I do not remem-  
ber ever to have seen a more thor-  
oughly worthless newspaper than  
"The Firm Foundation," or one better  
calculated to stir up hate and malice  
among people. The piece that some  
one has marked and sent me is head-  
ed "Reply to an Infidel." The head-  
ing is inaccurate, as it is an infidel  
himself, who in talking, but Wilkin-  
son is so self-centered that he ignores  
any courtesy to his opponent, and  
makes the heading to allude exclu-  
sively to himself, or the Savage edi-  
tor does this for Wilkin.

I gather, from the discussion that  
the infidel, D. L. Pardue, was at the  
Wilkinson-Moore debate.

Wilkinson has never three times  
as much space in the paper as Pardue  
has. Pardue is not on, a modest  
man, but is really more so than is  
necessary, and Wilkinson is a domi-  
neering, blustering bully. Pardue  
says:

"You and I agreed to carry on this  
correspondence in a gentlemanly  
manner and call each other no hard  
names, and I am going to comply with  
the same. I know I am uneducated,  
but I am not to blame for that, and  
I am not to blame for being a fool.  
That is no argument and does not  
prove anything. You said that I very  
carelessly or wilfully misrepresented  
the Bible. I gave you the scripture  
just as they are, and asked you which  
was true."

Pardue underrated himself just as  
much as Wilkinson overrates himself.  
Pardue goes on to show some of the  
various discrepancies that exist  
in the Bible and that are recognized  
as discrepancies by the most compe-  
tent of Biblical scholars.

In my debate with Wilkinson, to the  
best of my recollection and belief,  
the following occurred:

Wilkinson said there were no dis-  
crepancies in the Bible, and he ar-  
gued the infallibility of the Bible from  
the fact that there were no contradic-  
tions of itself in it. I argued that  
there were discrepancies in the Bi-  
ble, and said that some Christian au-  
thorities had strenuously contended  
that there were discrepancies in the  
Bible, and that these persons had  
used the discrepancies, in the gospel,  
between the four gospel writers, to  
show that the gospel writers did not  
write in collusion and that their tes-  
timony was, therefore, more credible  
than if they had all harmonized—that  
it was claimed that the discrepancies  
were about minor matters while they  
harmonized in all essential particu-  
lars.

Wilkinson at once accepted that  
view of the matter, and argued that  
there were no discrepancies in the  
Bible to show that they all wrote  
by inspiration, and at the same time  
agreed that there were discrepancies  
in the Bible showing that the writers  
of the Bible did not write in collusion.  
Pardue takes, for instance, the plain  
Bible statement that nobody had ever  
seen and the equally plain state-  
ment that Moses had seen him and  
talked to him, and like a plain, sensi-  
ble man argued that the statements  
conflict as one of average intelli-  
gence can see. The following are  
specimens of the style in which Wil-  
kinson talks to Pardue:

Reply.—Mr. Pardue: You appear  
to insinuate that I am not carrying  
on this correspondence in a gentle-  
manly manner. I suppose, however,  
that the readers will be the judges  
of that. But I must insist that the  
man's head is wrong who can find  
even the semblance of a contradiction  
in the passages cited. See Gen. 1:25  
and 2:19, with their connections. You  
say they contradict, but any one can  
read them and see that they do not,  
and this is a sufficient refutation of your argument.

So you were either inexcusably care-  
less or ignorant in your misrepresen-  
tation of them, or also you did it will-  
fully. It would be superfluous to spend  
further time on them.

Do you consider what you think  
about it any argument? Such puerile  
reasoning sounds silly. I dislike to be  
severe, but I have little patience  
with those who would attack the book  
of God, which is the very essence of  
the wisdom of the ages, and has no  
better reason for his puny attacks.  
It is like attacking Gibraltar with  
feathers. It is revolting to common  
sense.

(He spelled it "Gibraltar")

If Wilkinson simply claimed to be  
meeting Pardue as man and man, it  
would not be so flagrant. But Wilkin-  
son claims that he is a follower of the  
"meek and lowly" One—with a big  
O—and that his religion makes of  
him a man who "suffereth long and is  
kind, envieth not, vaunteth not  
himself, is not puffed up; doth not  
behave himself unprovoked, seeketh not  
his own, is not easily provoked, re-  
sisteth not evil, but he that resisteth  
in the truth beareth all things, be-  
lieveth all things, hopeth all things,  
endureth all things" (1 Cor. XIII, 4-7)  
while the poor miserable infidel, like  
Pardue and me, is just the opposite  
of all these nice things. Then there  
are some other specimens of Wilkin-  
son's "meek and lowly" Christian  
talk:

"You spoke of asking me about  
Luke 14:26 as we were going up the  
steps. I have a faint recollection of  
having some conversation with you  
about it just before going into a ses-  
sion of the debate. It would not be  
expected of me to stop at such a time  
and place to answer impertinent ques-  
tions, as I was engaged in debate with  
your man, and as I remember that  
it was less than twenty minutes until  
time for me to begin speaking. Most  
men at such a time require their mind  
exclusively to attend to the subject  
in hand, and if you had understood  
the rules of common courtesy, you  
would have addressed your questions  
to some of my brethren, who were  
fully able to answer them, and I un-  
derstand that they already answered  
them for you in such a manner as  
should have satisfied any conscientious  
truth-seeker.

No one is worthy of any principle  
who will not forsake all earthly ties  
for it—even father, mother or wife.  
And so well has our Lord succeeded  
in making His language sufficiently  
ambiguous on this occasion that here  
at the end of nearly two thousand  
years an infidel is grinding beneath  
its strength. I know some infidels  
who hate their father and mother, etc.,  
and I think Mr. Pardue is one, while  
C. C. Moore is another. For as  
they are doing everything wrong, they  
are capable of, against God and  
the Bible, Christ and religion, all of  
which their fathers and mothers hold  
most dear and sacred? As actions  
speak louder than words, you are  
hating your father, mother, etc., for  
Christ's sake, but on the other side,  
if you cannot understand this passage  
now, you are too stupid to be reason-  
ed with further, and may be able to  
pass through on your ignorance."

It will be seen from these samples  
that there is not even an attempt  
on the part of Wilkinson to answer  
the objections that are made to his  
religion by Pardue who in a modest  
and fair style, tells him of those ob-  
jections, but Wilkinson talks like the  
big braggart and impostor and fraud  
and ignoramus and liar that he is.

There are doubtless, Christians  
who are good people, despite the  
baneful influence of their religion,  
but it is impossible for any Christian  
of ordinary intelligence, who may  
read this, to fail to notice the kind  
and gentle spirit of the infidel Pardue  
and the brutal, tyrannical spirit of the  
Christian preacher, Wilkinson.

Give to Christian men like Wilkin-  
son and Rucker the power that Chris-  
tians once had and they will burn  
the stake, to-day February 22, 1905,  
infidels like Pardue and me exactly  
like men of their kind burned Servetus  
and Bruno, and Joan of Arc be-  
cause they were infidels. Wilkinson  
has printed that I was a gentleman  
as long as I was with him, but that  
it was because he made me so.

You can see that Wilkinson makes  
no attempt at argument in writing to  
Pardue and it was the same way in  
his "debating"—if we may so call it  
—with me. If I have told you that Wil-  
kinson would take positions that di-  
rectly contradicted each other and  
used both of them to sustain his side.  
In his writing here to Pardue you  
see an instance of this kind. Pardue  
had quoted from Luke XIV, 26, the  
following: "If any man come to me  
and hate not his father and mother  
and wife, and children and brethren  
and sisters, yea, and his own life also  
he cannot be my disciple."

In answer to that Wilkinson says of  
Jesus, when he was saying that about  
hating, as follows:

"He is using a common rhetorical  
figure called by linguists 'hyperbole.'  
Why do men of truth, in speaking,  
use hyperbole, which means exagger-

ation? For the purpose of emphasis  
and force."

There are more lies told by "exag-  
geration," and "for the purpose of  
emphasis and force, than from any  
other one cause perhaps.

It is almost impossible to find any  
body who will not lie from "exag-  
geration," Wilkinson has, of course, the  
right to accuse his Jesus of the very  
common fault of exaggeration, and  
that is only a matter between him  
and his Jesus, but Wilkinson's incon-  
sistency affects all of us—even  
those of us, who do not believe in  
Jesus. Jesus, by his "exaggeration,"  
only meant that Christians should  
love him so much more than they  
love even the members of their own  
families that, in comparison, they  
"hate" their families, so that the true-  
st and most genuine Christians in  
the world are those who hate their  
families; and yet in the same breath  
as they were Wilkinson picks Pardue  
and me, both infidels, as specimens  
of men, who hate their families, the  
very thing that Jesus says Christians  
ought to do. We cannot reasonably  
suppose that Wilkinson means that  
I hate my family, or my mother and  
father, in the ordinary sense of the  
word "hate," for there is no evidence  
of the kind known even to my nearest  
neighbors and it is unreasonable to  
suppose that a stranger living 1200  
miles from me could know more  
about my domestic affairs than my  
neighbors do. But this taking a di-  
ploma by both horns and using op-  
posing arguments to prove the same  
thing occurred in other instances of  
Wilkinson's "debating" with me.

Between the teaching of Jesus that  
Christians should hate their fathers  
and mothers, and the fact that in-  
fidel naturally hate their Christian  
fathers and mothers, the poor Chris-  
tian parents have a hard time of it.  
It is not, however, the fact that  
Wilkinson is illogical and unfamiliar  
with the usages of parliamentary dis-  
cussion between gentlemen, that I  
complain of.

These are accidents of birth for  
which a man is not responsible, and  
for which Wilkinson cannot, there-  
fore be blamed; but if moral responsi-  
bility can attach to any man, and a  
man is not simply the creature of  
heredity and environment it seems  
to me that good people ought to hold  
Wilkinson, and the Christians who  
sustain him, responsible for the ty-  
rannical, bullying, brutal spirit, that  
characterizes his whole reply to the  
very gentle and modest infidel Par-  
due. I believe it is generous to say  
that Wilkinson, from never having  
known anything better than Chris-  
tianity, is simply debased and degraded  
and brutalized until he is a moral de-  
generate.

TACITUS AND J. C.  
WORRYING A NEW YORKER.

Treasury, N. Y., Feb. 15, 05.  
Brother Moore.

Why do you so often say that "We  
wrote nothing about Jesus except  
what is given us in the New Testam-  
ent—profane history knows nothing  
of him," etc.?"

Have you never read Tacitus, "Annals"  
Book xv, and Chapter 44?

Tacitus says: "In order to drown  
the rumor, Nero shifted the guilt on  
persons hated for their abominations,  
and known as Christians, and punish-  
ed them with exquisite torture. Christ  
from whom they derived their name  
had been punished under Tiberius, by  
the procurator, Pontius Pilate," etc.

This is of interest because it is the  
first reference to Christ and his fol-  
lowers, by any Roman author. It al-  
so shows the cruelty of Nero and the  
hatred which the Romans bore to the  
new sect. Jesus was not a myth. I  
sent Mr. Hughes \$100 some time  
since, but I have not had the date on  
my wrapper changed from Dec. 04, to  
Dec. 05, yet.—S. E. WINGER.

A man named Winger ought to  
have wings "and with the angels  
stand, a crown upon his forehead and  
harp within his hand."

I have been familiar with the pas-  
sage that you quote from Tacitus  
ever since I was a college boy in  
1850, and possibly longer than that.  
There are three or four more pas-  
sages, in the Latin classics, some  
what to the same effect as the one  
you quote from Tacitus, but the one  
from Tacitus is much stronger than  
any of the others, and is more relied  
on than any of the others, by Chris-  
tians in their debates with infidels.  
In Wilkinson's debate with me, he  
produced from profane history only  
two passages to prove the truth of  
the Christian religion. One was the  
famous one from Josephus, and the  
other was the one that you quote  
from Tacitus. I took them in the  
order in which he gave them, and  
made the argument that is commonly  
made by all competent critics of the  
Josephus passage, to show that the  
passage in Josephus is an interpolated  
piece of forgery. When I got through my  
argument Wilkinson said he knew, in

the beginning, that the passage was  
a forgery, and that Alexander Camp-  
bell—founder of the sect to which  
Wilkinson belongs—had said it was  
a forgery. It was quite evident by  
the way—that W. would have passed  
it as an argument for the truth of  
the Christian religion, if I had not  
been able to expose him.

Wilkinson is also a lawyer and he  
seems to think that he has a right to  
say anything true, or false, for his  
religion, and that it is the other fel-  
low's job to detect him.

When W. got through reading the  
passage from Tacitus that you quote,  
I picked up, with his permission, the  
same copy of Tacitus that he read  
from and made the argument that  
it did not tend to prove the Christian  
religion true, so plain that all the  
house who were competent to appre-  
ciate such an argument seemed to  
view it just as I did, and W. did not  
offer to present any of the other quo-  
tations which you will read to shift  
the responsibility of it off of himself,  
charged it upon the Christians. These  
Christians got their name from Christ  
who had been punished under Pontius  
Pilate. That is the whole story—now  
what if?

If you read "Dog Penel in  
the Orient" you will read my plain  
statement that I went upon Mt. Cal-  
vary, where Jesus, who is also called  
Christ, and commonly called Jesus  
Christ—Jesus being the Latin form  
of his name and his Hebrew name  
probably being Joshua—and stood  
where I then believed, and do still be-  
lieve, within 10 feet of the spot where  
Jesus was crucified, and the tears  
came into my eyes because I was  
alone and homesick, and an emotion-  
al, and because I was touched with  
sorrow for the crucified man.

I then went down to the foot of the  
small mountain and went into the  
tomb cut in the rock, in that garden,  
and I stood inside of the hewed out  
vault and looked down into a grave  
which I then believed, and still  
strongly believe, was the grave  
where Jesus Christ, from whom the  
Christians get their name, to-day,  
was laid.

It is almost as easy, being there on  
the ground, and knowing history, sac-  
red and profane, to believe and un-  
derstand that Jesus was crucified up  
on Calvary, as it is to believe that  
now, Calvary, and to believe that he  
was buried in that grave, that be-  
longed to Joseph of Arimathea, who  
lived at Ramleh, and whose town I  
have seen, as to understand and be-  
lieve that Jesus was not buried at  
the place shown by the Catholics,  
for money, in the church of the Holy  
Sepulcher, and that Jesus was not  
crucified inside of that church, as the  
leading Christians of the world say  
he was.

The fraud is just as patent as the  
fraud in rage and bones that Catho-  
lics exhibit to-day. I respect all that  
I have here said about the crucifixion  
and burial of Jesus, and do it with  
emphasis.

If I were being examined for jury  
service in Lexington, to-day, I be-  
lieve I would hardly say that I have  
a "reasonable doubt" of the accuracy  
of the truth of the death and burial  
—or possibly only apparent death—of  
Jesus Christ, as I have here given  
you the evidence. I would not call me  
a Christian for I do not believe that  
a miracle ever did happen, or  
ever will happen, and therefore do  
not believe any of the miraculous  
stories told about Jesus, and so far  
from believing that he was a son of  
a god any more than I am, I do not  
believe that there is any god, and do  
not believe that either of the Jewish  
parents of Jesus were nearly as intel-  
ligent, as my two Saxon parents.

Jesus Christ was crucified by a fair  
trial, under the Roman law, that we  
get our American laws from to-day,  
he being charged with sedition just  
as George Washington and Jefferson,  
Davis were.

Now I will explain to you about  
Jesus' being a myth, and you will  
see that he was, or was not, a myth,  
just according as you see cause to  
contradict the word myth.

All intelligent people believe that  
there was such a man as Mohammed.  
All Mohammedans believe, or pre-  
tend to believe, all the miracles that  
Mohammed claimed to have done.  
No intelligent man, in the whole world, believes the  
miracles imputed to Mohammed, and  
yet I am such an admirer of Moham-  
med that I am much nearer a Moham-  
medan and opposed to liquor  
drinking, than a Christian favoring  
liquor drinking.

Mohammed almost certainly lived.  
He is a myth if we are to take the  
Mohammedan view of him, and a  
historical character, if we take your  
view and mine of him.

Joe Smith died within my memory.  
The beginning, that the passage was  
a forgery, and that Alexander Camp-  
bell—founder of the sect to which  
Wilkinson belongs—had said it was  
a forgery. It was quite evident by  
the way—that W. would have passed  
it as an argument for the truth of  
the Christian religion, if I had not  
been able to expose him.

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CASES: All the above in the new Model, thin Silverine Screw  
Cases. In Baby's, Crown or Deuber filled gold screw case, guar-  
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\$3.50 more; hunting, \$5.00 more. In 25 year case, \$2.00 more than  
in 20 year case. In cases guaranteed for all time, screw, \$8.00, or  
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Every watch guaranteed fresh and new from factory (no "shop-  
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are known to be the best watches made, and—if watch is new and  
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LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.  
Large (6 size Elgin, Waltham or Hampden, 20-year gold filled  
latest style, artistic hand-chased, 7 jewels, \$10; 15 jewels, \$12.50; 16  
jewels, \$17. Small (6 size 7 jewels, \$11.50; 15 jewels, \$12; 16  
jewels, \$17. "Riverside," extra fine, \$25. In 25-year case, \$1  
more. In 14k solid gold case, \$10 to \$50 more. Latter with diamonds,  
all in plush box, prepaid, with guarantee.

CHAINS.  
Long Guards, latest style, soldered links, opals or other sets in  
slides, rolled plated, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Best Filled Gold, \$2.50, \$3 and  
\$4. Extra heavy, \$5. Solid Gold, \$8, \$10, \$15 and \$25. Gen's Chains,  
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I am an expert in this line and will save you 20 per cent if you  
will order of me.

Send for price list of Jewelry, Freethought Badges, Rings, Silver  
and Plated Ware, Optical Goods and My Tract, "Theism in the Cruc-  
ible, free.

## OTTO WETTSTEIN

110 N. KENSINGTON AVENUE LA GRANGE, ILL.

Doris and Mrs. Eddy are still living.  
All intelligent people know that these  
three people were either frauds or  
crazy. In a few hundred years from  
now, if these three people still have  
followers, the three people will be  
seen from the view points of the  
followers, and historical characters  
from the view points of intelligent  
people.

Jesus Christ almost certainly lived.  
He was almost certainly a fraud or  
deluded—possibly crazy. From the  
Christians angle of vision, with all  
the miracles attached to him, he is  
merely a "myth," but to an intelligent  
historian he was an actual character  
—without any more miracle about him  
than there is about you or me—who  
was crucified during the procurator-  
ship of Pontius Pilate, under the  
charge of sedition, a very natural  
and just charge, as you will see from  
reading the New Testament. And that  
is just what Tacitus—a great histor-  
ian, from whom we get our history,  
to-day—thought about him. Tacitus  
expressed no opinion whatever, for  
Jesus, and speaks of his followers  
as being "hated for their abominations."

The testimony, then, of Tacitus, as  
to the truth of the Christian religion  
is certainly against that religion  
rather than for it.

SAYS I AM LIKE  
WENDELL PHILLIPS  
Ada, Ohio, Feb. 15, 05.  
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear old friend—I send check for  
\$1.00 for renewal of B. G. R. I have  
been taking your paper ever since the  
Christians put you in jail in Paris, Ky.  
I saw a notice in the Boston Inves-  
tigator, that you were being persecut-  
ed for your religious opinions, and I  
sent 25 cents for a copy of the Blade,  
and then I sent \$1.00 for a bundle of  
Blades, and distributed them among  
my friends, and some of them are  
still taking your paper and paying for  
it. Oh, yes, Brother Moore, if there  
ever was a martyr you are one just  
as much as Wendell Phillips, in Bos-  
ton, was a martyr to the Abolition  
party.

The Christian preachers have made  
thousands of investigators by their  
persecution of you, and, as soon as  
you can get an intelligent person to  
investigate, he, or she, is sure to quit  
the church and the worship of images  
and idols and old bones, or even the  
old coats of J. C. of Holy Nit.

Yes, Brother Moore, you and I have  
lived in a period of wonderful revolu-  
tion of thought. We have seen, and

shaken hands with, men whose gen-  
ius and mental power, have caused  
men to think and the old Pope to  
tremble on his imaginary throne,  
while he lost nearly all of his tempo-  
ral power.—W. H. MORROW.

"AND THEY TOOK UP THE FRAG-  
MENTS THAT REMAINED  
TWELVE BASKETS FULL"  
MAT 14:20

I am not preaching now like I was,  
but if they had sent me to give  
Sergius a send-off, I would have tak-  
en the above for my text.

Sergius ought to have known that  
it was loaded, but he went right up  
again.

I would not have blown him up  
myself—except metaphorically—and  
would not have advised anybody else  
to do so, but, honest injun, I never  
wrote a single word, which would  
the other fellow had done it.

I don't think Mr. Teddy ought to  
have condescended with Sergius' kin  
folks for himself and all the balance  
of us too, until he sent a nigger  
around on a horse and read us all  
if we wanted any of it. Teddy is too  
fool. Some of these days some boy  
will stek a cannon fire cracker under  
his coat tail and scare him to death.  
His jin jitsu won't amount to a hill of  
beans. I never was killed, but I have  
been scared to death several times.  
It's awful, Teddy, my boy, "go slow,  
there's a hen on."

SHE TUMBLED TO THE  
BLADE'S RACKET

Forest City, Iowa, Feb. 16, 05.  
C. C. Moore.

Sir—I have been a reader of your  
paper for 8 or 10 years, and, on the  
whole I have found it the most inter-  
esting, and instructive reading that  
I have ever found anywhere, and I  
will be 71 years old on the first day  
of March 1906, and I have read it a good  
deal. Some years ago when I was  
proving my boys for reading novels,  
my wife said, "It's no worse to read  
novels than to read that old infidel  
Blade that you read."

Now my wife says when she gets  
pay for the crocheting work, she will  
help to pay for the Blade another  
year. I mention this to show what  
effect the reading of the Blade has  
on honest and reasonable and intelli-  
gent people.

I shall renew my subscription when  
I get my pension money in April next.  
Print this if you think it worthy—  
ISAAC CONNER.

# WALTER COLLINS

Tells of the Revival in California.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 7th, 05.  
Editor Blade.

On the battlefield of the saints and sinners, the ground is covered with the blood of Jesus and hell do be a poplin save, the spirit of the Holy Ghost is ripping up the back, this garden of Eden, the flaming sword has slipped its governor belt and is cutting and slashing like the wrath of an angry God. All the children and colored people have been converted; all the women have confessed Christ; and other sins; all the men are penitent and prayerful;—according to the papers, whose revivalists themselves so there can be no doubt of its accuracy. Having everything from the unborn infant to the dying sinner, it would seem that it's time to quit, but the conquest still goes on, like the divine deaths of the Egyptianaraoh.

To make sure of a good thing like salvation or death,—repeat it. These frenzied fakers are actually trying to convert one another. One of the best known evangelists in America, who is now in this city, but who gave his orthodox a public burial years ago, and has since devoted his energies toward the betterment of his fellowman here and now, was recently made the objective for a concentrated onslaught of the score or more of Christ cranks. The monster, like David of old, met them single handed in their own stronghold and behind closed doors, the contest lasted two hours and the result was that twenty of the best preachers in the city, with the help of Almighty God, in a battle that took place in the castliest joss house in California, surrounded by all of the extravagance that money could buy, had failed to move the little heretic from his religion of humbug, to a belief in a personal God or the need of a savior. The man's name is known to every thinker in the United States with the possible exception of editor Moore. The ex-Rev. B. Ray Mills, I enclose the press report of his defense of his views, which may interest the readers of the Blade.

The revivalists have set apart Tuesday, February 14th, for a day of prayer and other impudence. By that time, if the flow of the pen of God is not interrupted, the entire city will have been converted the second time. Ringmaster Chapman, announces that it will be a dry day remembered till eternity,—that's a long time. Our city council has yielded to the more sensitive eloquence and given them the day to work upon the redemption of our notoriously rotten city officials,—the honorable (?) council not excepted. If they accomplish anything towards lessening this corruption before existing; the day will surely be remembered till eternity.

I haven't noticed that the saloons or race track will be closed that day, but if God really wishes it, it will be done. Drug stores, bar shops, and wagons, theatres and other damnable outrages on the community are to be closed on Sunday, so that there will be no interference with God's work. As our friend Severance puts it, "Everything shall be closed on Sunday, but the preacher's mouths and the contribution box."

Well, the revival has been a great success (?). The town has been converted, but to a stranger looking over the fence, he "wouldn't hardly notice it at all." It reads like a page of sacred history in the days of the first dispensation, when Jehovah in his overflowing love, ordered Gen. Joshua to sweep down upon a defenceless city of mud huts with a population of perhaps a couple of hundred, and the Lord delivered it into the hands of the Israelites and smote it with the edge of the sword, and slew them with great slaughter, and destroyed every living thing therein and let none remain. And there fell that day before Israel forty and two thousand and three score men, besides the woman, children, sheep and asses. Did it ever occur to you Bible reader, that there were more people slain in the little, sparsely settled, rock strewn, howl (?) land of Canaan at that time than on the face of the globe? But of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

The action of our daily papers is decidedly amusing, but not new. Our great religious dailies, the notorious Los Angeles Times, the uncompromising enemy of labor and laboring men, and the ally and defender of every ring and clique that has flourished in our city with long coated solicitors, giving a bible with each subscription. The examiner, the rival of the Times, is our local exponent of sensationalism and is making its peace with God by issuing a special revival edition each day. The first two pages are devoted to dramatic illustrations of the advertisements of the book-makers, clockers and pool sellers of the race-track fraternity. The boasting Christ on one page and sports on another is really funny, but its heads I win, and tails you lose.

In the tidal wave of emotion and hypocrisy that is now sweeping over us, these occasionally come to light a little detail of true Christian character. The Rev. Chas. E. Bentley of Lincoln, Nebraska, after supper following the day of his arrival in this city, told his wife he would visit the Salvation Army and see "what was doing." At 8 p. m., within a half block of the Army headquarters, he, with a velvet female companion, engaged a room in a questionable lodging house and while the landlady was getting a light, fell over dead. His companion fled.

His grief stricken wife thinks he was enticed there for robbery, or that the mysterious woman was a good samaritan, who seeing he was ill took him to the room to relieve his distress. But some doubt it, however plausible it may seem to the faithful. Why do people talk and ascribe unworthy motives to the holy men of God? It is plain enough to the pure in heart that he took her to the room to pray with her in secret as the Bible says he should. WALTER COLLINS.

## A NEW MARY MAC LANE

Eggle, Ky., Jan. 05.  
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear sir—I enclose two clippings from the Cincinnati Post. One of recent date concerning Miss Lola Gordon, or Mary Mac Lane, No. 2. You were much interested in Mary Mac Lane, and you may get struck by the picture and sayings of this one, for it's nothing new for preachers to get mixed up with these strange Marys.

Miss Lola will not tell her real name, and I imagine it's Mary, for her picture looks like the pictures of some of those we read about. Such characters may be all right in religion, but Free thought needs men and women of firmness, discernment, decision and courage to express and defend their honest convictions. The other clipping alluded to our party name, you have fixed that all right now.

But in leaving off a political party in eliminating all politics from the Blade.

But it is not a bad extreme. The Blade should certainly profit by past experience and be conservative in politics. Let politicians quarrel over politics, but let preachers quarrel over theology, but the Blade stick to its business of making Free thinkers, like many other free thought papers, and the needed reforms in church and state are just as sure to follow as humanity ceases to inhabit the earth.

There is no doubt about the great work that Free thought papers and books are doing.

I personally know of considerable work that has been done by the Blade and Palms Age of Reason.

Men who were once zealous Christians are now avowed Infidels. Don't be afraid to quote scripture, in the Blade, to show the errors in the Bible.

Some old rich selfish Infidel may not like it, but remember you are continually adding new subscribers. Many of them being Christians. This also means other new readers who will not subscribe and as all new converts must strike something to start them to thinking, nothing will do it quicker than to plainly point out an error in the book which they honestly believe is the direct work of the devil, so don't neglect to feed the lambs when feedings the sheep. I notice that you are getting a little easy about dropping those that don't pay up. I fear this will soon dull the Blade, so that it will need a cash whetting agent.

Dr. Wilson hits my ideas exactly—on occasionally have some of the choice articles in the Blade, put into tract form or little folders; any way so that we can get them.

Such literature could certainly be used to great advantage, especially among a certain class who will not read certain well known free thought literature.

But if you allow a great number of delinquents to so damage the Blade that it will not exist, this harvest of usefulness will be lost.—T. F. CARL.

The picture of Lola Gordon is exceedingly beautiful.

She seems to be more of an imitator of Mary MacLane than Mary was, or is, of Marie Bachteroff.

A sample of Lola's talk is as follows:

SOME LOLA GORDONISMS  
I am odd. I can afford to be—I care not for the opinion of any man.  
I am French, but I hate France; a woman, but I despise women.

I have a name but no one in America knows what it is. Of false names I have four. Were I to divulge the secret of my identity I would have detectives on my track.  
I am rich if I claim my patrimony. I'd rather be poor and starve if I must. I know the agony of hunger.

I despise men. American males

most. They are steeped in ill manners. I would die if I could not flirt. I am fascinating. I attract men. They see my charm. I like their company because I am lonely. They lie interestingly.

I lie to get my first position on the stage. But then I am myself. I hate liars.

I am a genius. I feel my genius is here—my soul. It is transcendent. I shall be famous. No one, nothing can keep me from it.

I am wicked. I am a chorus girl. I know course words. I know "damn."

I love the stage—there are some good people on it. Compelled to give up, and I would not live. I once cried because we did not have an extra matinee.

I want to go to Japan. I am going. I do not know what for. My second self—the invisible ego—my astral being—something calls me. I will go. I do not know what I will do, once there. But I am myself. Sufficient.

I shall never marry. I am engaged to three men. Why not? Something may happen. Something is always happening. I like chance games.

LOLA GORDON

## INDIAN TERRITORY MAN

Tells About the Wilkinson—Moore Debate

You Appealed to the Reason and Intelligence of the People While Wilkinson Appealed to Their Emotions."

Holden, I. T., Feb. 13, 05  
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear sir—In your comment on Rev. Bob Curdett's sermon, you say that the seven days of the week were named for the Scandinavian Gods. Judge P. B. Ladd says in his Commentaries on Hebrew and Christian Mythology, that the Scandinavians named them for the seven planets, then known, Neptune and Uranus, not having been discovered by the people.

Please let me know if this is a difference of opinion among historians, or does it all amount to the same thing?

Not being educated, and not having access to books there are times when I must ask questions and proclaim my ignorance by so doing.

By the way, our old adversary, U. G. Wilkinson is going to quit T. & Welch of Comanche, I. T., in debate, at Ryan sometime in the near future. People who know say that Welch is as great a talker as Wilkinson is. My father and one brother heard the debate between Wilkinson and yourself, and their opinion is, that you appealed to the reason and intelligence of the people, while Wilkinson appealed to their emotions. I am going to hear the debate between Welch and Wilkinson.

As I cannot over ambitious to break into print, I enclose a stamp and you may answer at your leisure and in the most convenient way—either in the B. G. B. or by private letter.

Yours in search of truth.—B. F. PARDEE.

Absent the naming of the days so far as the discussion between Burdette and me is concerned it all amounts to the same thing.

I suppose Judge Ladd is a better historian than I am—that's his graft—and especially on the point at issue, but I am quite confident that some of the days of the week were named from the Gods of some of the Northmen, or Norsemen, but I am not certain whether they were Teutonic Scandinavians or what not. I am gratified by the opinion that your father and brother have of the debate.

## "DOG FENNEL"

Still Exercising the Brethren in Anbroath, Scotland.

The Anbroath (Scotland) Guide, of January 28, contains the following:

"DOG FENNEL IN THE ORIENT"  
To the Editor of the Guide.

Sir—I enclose a cutting from the Blue Grass Blade, the editor of which is the author of the book recently refused by the Library Committee. Your review of the book may be interesting in the feelings of the author, Charles C. Moore, at the rejection of his work so as to read his comments upon it—JOHN ADDISON.

The cutting referred to by Mr. Addison contains correspondence in relation to the presentation of the book mentioned to the Anbroath Library, and its rejection. Mr. Addison writes to Mr. Mitchell, Wilber, Nebraska—an Anbroath man—who sent "Dog Fennel in the Orient" to the Anbroath Library.

There has been considerable stir in the Library Committee over "Dog Fennel in the Orient." Dr. Lilly has had it some months reviewing it, and has pronounced it an immoral book. He has certain passages marked off with marginal comments—a fine way of prejudicing those who may see it, but have not time to read it. A friend of mine in the Committee says it has gone round the Committee and

he has been told by some of them that they will vote against it. They said they had not read it, but would vote against it from what they had heard. I am waiting for its doom, and then I shall have something to say about it through the "Guide." Then Mr. Mitchell writes to the "Blade" Editor—I enclose this as it came from Scotland this morning. I sent your book, "Dog Fennel," over to my native town, as a gift for their Public Library. You can see how the proffered gifts is to be welcomed." The Editor, in the course of a strongly seasoned comment, says

"If they had accepted the book, as any gentleman would have done, and put it in their library, there would have been about a half-dozen people who would have read it in a year. As it is now, the book is advertised by their meanness, and a hundred people will read it where one would have read it before. Those fellows would burn me at the stake to-day if they could, just as their patron saint John Calvin burned Servetus."

I am greatly obliged to our brethren Mitchell and Addison, for what they have said for me. These fellows would burn me at the stake to-day if they could, just as their patron saint John Calvin burned Servetus."

The authors of some of the most valuable books ever written have been burned at the stake, by Christians, for writing them.

HOG, BACON, HAM.

"What's in a Name; a Hog by Any Other Name Would Smell As Sweet."

With Apologies to Old Billy of Avon.

Brunswick, Maine Feb. 18, 05.  
Mr. C. C. Moore.

"What's in a name? You made fun of my name, but I won't be hard on you—you get enough abuse."

I am a tender-hearted old Infidel and you broke me up, when you said if you had my name you would write Incoff.

My parents were poor, and they gave me that name, it was the best they could do, and I have carried it almost as long as you have yours.

All the Hams are proud of their name and my two daughters did rather than change it, as they would have had to do unless they waited until Mrs. Henry's ideas became law.

I can trace my name back to the first family after the flood.

My great grand-daddy had some trouble with his father. I never could tell how the boy's father knew the old man was "nakeder," when the old man was "fukler than a goose."

That was only my escape I ever knew of any of the Hams getting into it.

I never heard much about the Moores. I think something has been taken off your name. A man in Massachusetts is trying to get his name changed.

He is named Bumgardner, and he wants to leave off the "Bum."

In the same book that tells about my folks, there's a dog named "Morever."

Talking about Lazarus it says "Moreover, the dog licked his nose."

Captain Kidd killed a man named William Moore. I'll bet Moore had been making fun of Kidd's name, and Kidd served him right. But anyhow, he's right on slinging ink in the Blade.

Rip em up the back, right and left, and as long as I can find a \$1.00, I'll hear what you have to say, good, bad and indifferent.

I think people take you too seriously. They like your wit if you don't hit them.

If you can get any fun out of me go ahead. When you and your wife sit down to a dish of good Kentucky hog think of—WILLIAM L. HAM.

You have some fine kin folks. There's Jamie Hogg, "the Erick Shepherd," that we read about in "Noctes Ambrosianas," and Lord Bacon; the Earl of Sussex was named a hog of the Sow-ack; Sus being Latin for Sow. And then there was Pygmalion the sculptor, but he couldn't split Pig, and then, of course, Corn Paul, the Boer, was kin of you. I had an old friend who always said that his family was mentioned in the Bible, and he said they were "high-strung people."

His name was John Quincy Adams Hayman. Not only was Hayman high-strung, but you know that Adams's family was among the very first of that country.

Old man Adam, the founder of the family, is buried in Jerusalem right in 29 feet of where J. C. ain't buried.

I saw graves of both of them. Horace alludes to my family when he says, "O Tempora, O Mores!"

Hams gets into scraps every hog killing time at our house. I use her to scrape em. I reckon old Billy Moore was kidding Kidd.

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FANNIE OLD GIRL.

The state of Illinois has presented to the U. S. Government to go in the "Hall of Fame," a statue of Miss Frances E. Willard.

Fannie's graft was her Prohibition, and her opposition to liquor is what got her in that hall, and my anti-liquor record ain't going to get me there, though I have stuck to my text more faithfully, and longer than Fannie did.

Fannie's dead now, though she ain't in heaven as St. Peter has pointed up above the gate "For men only," and nobody ever heard of any woman in any heaven except a Mohammedan heaven, where there is a big lot of women for each man.

I am going to tell you something about Fannie.

I was a delegate to the Prohibition Convention at Cincinnati, that nominated Levering, the Baltimore Roasted Coffee man (See "Behind the Bars 31,498," for sale at this office—\$1.00) for president of the United States.

Fannie was there and she was, all the time, trying her damndest to kick clean out of the Prohibition traces, and she was a kicker from way back, and I was one—though a very obscure one—of a party who went in a body to the Grand Hotel to keep Fannie from kicking clean out. She wanted to go off into some kind of a body that was then holding a convention in St. Louis.

I do not remember the nature of the convention there, but I do not think it had anything to do with temperance, and think it was something like the Socialism that we now have.

The Leader of the party with whom I went to see Fannie, on that subject, was Rev. Isaac K. Funk, a Methodist preacher millionaire, who got up the Standard Dictionary at a cost of a million dollars, and who was then editing "The Voice," the greatest Prohibition paper that ever was in the world, except the Blue Grass Blade.

Funk and Waggoners are now great publishers in New York City. Col. George W. Bain, now living in Lexington, was I think, one of the party who went with us. He was the most prominent at that convention, and I am satisfied will substantiate all I say. Still Fannie goes into the "Hall of Fame" for her Prohibition and I went to the penitentiary and various jails for mine.

"San Transil gloria mundi," to say nothing of Sundt, "Fetch in another horse!"

Ackley, Iowa, Feb. 20, 05.  
C. C. Moore.

Enclosed \$1.00 to continue the Blade to me. The death of Watson Heston is sad for the Free thought world.

If I had made the world bad people would die, naturally, from their own deeds—good people would live to a ripe old age. Heston was denied the comforts of life and his wife labored to disadvantage to sustain life. However, remedies for such a condition are not allowed to appear in the Blade. Our Hero, Watson Heston, should be honored by all Free thinkers and will sacrifice \$1.00 to erect a suitable monument to his noble burial ground with the inscription "Here Lies Watson Heston, the Infidel Cartoonist,—died Peacefully, January 27, 1905, at the Age of 59 Years, in Full Faith That God is a Myth."

This would protect him and all Free thinkers from Christian slander, and advertise the moral conduct of Infidelity, that the Christians so dislike.

When funds are needed I will remit the \$1.00. I remain yours truly.—A. LUTTERMAN.

Heston built his own monument. The "Remedy for the Condition" is to send your \$1.00 to his widow.

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